Aleckly Arizona

VOLUME II.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

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"Yes, there were nine of us, you know—but you don't know, for I have never told a living soul. This sudden death of Tom's quite unmans me, for I

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THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

Ah! there he is, ind, at the plow;
He bests the boys for work,
And whatsoe's the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.

"Good-marning, frier ds! 'lis 12 o'clock;
Time for a had-hour's rest,"
And Farmer John took out his lunch
And ato it with a zest,
"A harder task it is," he said,
Than following up these steers
Or mending fences, e'en for me
To feel my seventy years.

"You ask me why I feel so young;
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who kept me up so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love, and hope and strength
For more than forty years.

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And help him up and on.
Repairle have never caused a pang, Or raised up anxious fe rs; Then wonder not that I feel young And bale at seventy years.

"Why don't my good boys do my work And let me sit and rest? Ah, friends, that wouldn't do for me; I like my own way beat. They have the r du y; I have mine, And til the end appears, I mean to smell the soil, my friends," Said the man of seventy years.

THE LAST OF NINE,

"Did you know that Tom Bailey had passed in his checks?"
"Yes, heard it by telephone an hour

The speaker was John McWilliams, and we were sitting on the piazza of his home in Bradford. "Do you know the particulars, John?"
"Particulars? Well, I don't know
as there are any. Same old story, you
know. Didn't pack the nitro-glycerine
in the wagon carefully, and when the

wagon went over a log the load explod-ed and—and—that was all." There was no need of further explanation, for I could reason it all out clearly enough, and could almost fancy I saw ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. The ghastly remains of the ill-starred Tom Bailey, who went out one morning to superintend the shooting of a well and never came back. Bailey was an employe of the Roberts Torpedo Company, and John McWilliams, the man whom I was in conversation, was his

Division Superintendent on the same "run," or district. "Family, John?"
"No-that is, he hadn't a wife, but he had a widowed mother and a young

"What will they do?" "What will they do?"

"Oh, the company won't see them starve, and, beside, I guess poor old Tom didn't die a beggar. Poor old boy!" and the bearded man at my side sobbed like a heart-broken child.

"I never told you about Tom and the rest of the boys, did I?" continued the

sorrowing man,

I waited a long while for John to gain control of his feelings, for I knew he had a story to tell of more than usual interest. It was a beautiful night, full of soft moonlight and drowsy with the hum of humanity in the city beneath our feet. A delicate, almost impercep-tible mist hung about the city, and from FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF MY our hillside plazzs we could see far down the valley where the Tunungwant stream 'aintly glimmered in the moonlight, and where the huge iron tanks of oil loomed up gloomy and black against the mellow brightness of the night. Over at Pros-pect Park, on Mount Ranb, the light was flashing and flaring, while faintly to our ears came the strains of a Strauss waltz. Away off on another hill the sound of a laboring engine and the thud of a walking-beam told that the ponder-

> to the earth as fast as men working night and day could sink the hole. Down below, the city flashed up at us its countless lights and shadows and faintle floated up the hum of business and pleasure. It was a strangely beautifu-night for a story of oil. John spoke at last, slowly and with evident hesitation
> "Yes," he said, "there were nine of
> us, and I'm the last one alive. It's a
> queer thing, and it makes me feel very
> strangely; perhaps more so now that
> poor Tom is—is—"

cus drill at a well was being lowered in-

He couldn't bring himself to say the

word; he couldn't say that his friend was dead. With a great effort he con-"You doubtless know that I was in the army during the late war. I saw some pretty tough fighting, too, and af-er Shiloh I was made a Captain, and at he same time Tom Bailey, who was in he same company, was promoted to a Lieutenancy for bravery. He deserved it, too, for there never was a better c; braver boy; a trifle reckless you mi;h say, but brave and generous to a fault. At the close of the war we went home together, and with us went what was aft of the company. There wasn't much, to be sure, for we had done some terrible fighting, and many of the boys had gone down through the valley of the shadow. Like the rest of the turned soldiers, we went into the oil country, which was just then turning the heads of the people, and after knocking around a while and losing what money we had we concluded to go into business of shooting wells. and I went into the business for ourselves, and soon hired four of the men who had been in our company and a friend of mine, who had been wealthy but was 'broke,' to work for us. Two fishermen came along that we had known before, and we engaged them. That made nine of us, and we used to live in one room and do all our own cooking, for women were scarce in the oil country at that time. Everything went along finely and we made money hand over fist. Old Col. Roberts hadn's got the monopoly of the nitro-glycerine business then, and any man could engage in it

who cared to run the risk. "Our crowd was extremely fortunate at first, and we were beginning to feel that mitro-glycerine wasn't such a terri ern hills, and, with aching hearts, we ble thing as some persons made out. Well, we worked along about six months took up our burden again and prepared without an accident, when one day one of our men was killed while taking glycerine from a wagon. This gave us considerable of a shock, but we laid the blame on the man's carelessness, and worked on as usual. Within a year three more of our men were blown to fragnts at the same time through pure recklessness. Noue of these men drank iquor to excess; so you couldn't attribute their death to intoxication. rest of us were mighty careful after that, and only stayed in the business because we could make money faster than at any-thing else. We didn't have any more accidents while we were doing business

"When the Roberts Company gained monopolistic control of the torpedo business the remaining five of our crowd of stairs. went to work for them. Everything went on swimmingly for some time, but at last time of the crowd had some trouble, real or fancied, with the com-

pany, and the result was that the men quit entirely and went to moonlighting shooting wells at night in defiance of the law giving the Roberts Company the monopoly. Moonlighting is just about twice as dangerous as torpedoing in the lawful way, and it wasn't long be-fore those three fellows were blown skyward. I wasn't a bit surprised, for when

a man gets down so low as to go into moonlighting when he can make good wages at a legitirante business, I naturally look to see his death announce before a great while in the papers.
"Well, that just left two — Tom
Bailey and I—of the original nine that went into the business only a few years ago. One by one our boys have dropped off, until to day I helped to bury what

remained of poor Tom. Poor old boy. I know it wasn't his fault, for he was the most careful man I ever saw. There were nine of us when we started-all banded together to work for one another's interests-and now they are all gone but me, and I am-the-last-of His unamoked cigar slipped from his nerveless fingers and fell to the ground. He trembled violently, as with ague, a

nameless horror and fear looking out of his eyes into vacancy.

"John," said I, gently touching his arm, "come into the house; it is chilly

"Yes, yes, let us go in. But stayfeel—so strangely. I never thought of it before, but if—my wife—should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day it would—it would—would kill her." and the strong man sank into chair, completely overpowered with the awful

thought.

Business called me away from Bradford and the oil country the next day, and I did not return for some weeks. Having business at Smethport, the county seat of McKean county, I passed through that village and started for Bradford, by the way of the Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua railway. When within a few miles of Bradford an accident happened to the locomotive, which would delay the train several hours. Being anxious to reach the city as soon as possible, four of the passengers, in-cluding myself, started over the mount-ains afoot, hoping to reach our destina-tion by 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We walked along quite briskly, and, while following the ridge of a mountain, were hailed by a voice which I recognized as belonging to the torpedo superintendent baving in charge the district adjoining that of John McWilliams. "Hallo! come over here!" the man

shouted, accompanying his words with emphatic gestures.
Curiously wondering what Smolley uld want, we went toward him. Two of three men were leaning against the stump of a tree and merely nodded as we approached. Smolley was searching on the ground for something at some dis-

ance from his companions.
"What's the trouble, Smolley?" and as I spoke the glycerine man raised a pained-looking face and mutely pointed his finger in the direction of the men I looked and saw a strange sight. The wreck of an oil derrick and its machinery tay scattered over the ground in small pieces. In an instant it all came to me—there had been an explosion of nitro-glycerine. The derrick had be blown to atoms and scattered far and wide; the ponderous bull-wheels were dismantled and broken into a thousand ragments. On every hand was ruin such as only nitro glycerine can pro-duce. The thought came, was anybody hurt? I glanced inquiringly at the three men. One of them pointed silent-ly at a small baking-powder box lying

at their feet. I stepped forward.
"My God! John-John Mc Williams? and I would have fallen had not one of the men supported me.

The last of nine! I stood and lookeft down into a little wooden box filled with ghastly flesh and blood and bones—all hat was mortal of noble-hearted John McWilliams, A side of the head and face remained as noble and handsome as in life, but what remained of the body could have been placed in a ten-quart pail. Smolley came and leaned his arm against my shoulder in silent sympathy.
"How did it happen, Smolley?" This
after a long period of silence.
"The well made a heavy flow of gas

and oil as John was lowering the torpe-do, and when the shell came to the top of the hole John stood there and caught it in his hands, and as he turned to take the thing away it exploded in his hands with the result you see. There never was a more careful man than John." For years and years John McWilliams had laughed at nitro-glycerine, and had toyed with it as with a shackled monster, but at last the monster, waiting putient ly for years, had sprung upon him and avenged its wrongs. Sorrowfully we avenged its wrongs. Sorrowfully we lifted the little box and carried it homeward. Along the mountain ridge we moved, a melancholy procession, and when on the summit of Mount Raub we rested and looked down on the clustered buildings of Bradford. In the glory of the afternoon sun even Bradford's homely buildings were beautiful, the city pre-

senting the very picture of the loveliness looking down in silent grandeur, were voiceless witnesses of Go.l's immortality. One of the passengers who had come with me from the tra-n produced a powerful field-giass. Almost mechanically I turned and looked at John McWilliams' hillside home. A door was standing wide open, and a lace curtain streamedidly from a window. In through the open door I could see the tea-table set and waiting. On the lawn a hand-some, graceful woman romped with two children, frequently shading her eyes with her hands and looking down the street long and earnestly. It was Mrs. McWilliams, and she was waiting and watching for the loving husband and father who would not come again on this earth, never, nevermore.

to descend into the city, my ears ringing with the words of the ill-fated John on that night many weeks before: "If my wife—should—should see me as I saw Tom Bailey to-day it would—it would—would kill her!"—Philadelphia Times. THE Hon, A. H. Stephens was once making an eloquent speech in Georgia, when among his listeners appeared Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee. Delighted with the speech, but moved with pity for the lean, sallow, half starved appearance of the little invalid speaker, the sturdy Tennesseean exclaimed: "Let's catch

him and carry him up to the mountains,

and feed him and save him for his country and humanity."

Slowly the sun crept behind the west-

PITH AND POINT. An unpleasant trip-Down two flights

From the humorous to the grave-A paragrapher's life. Soldiers are not usually profane, though they often speak of -

"You gave me the key of your heart, my love; Then why do you make me knock?"
"Oh, that was yesterday, saints above!
And last night—I changed the lock!"

"ALWAYS pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, sup-pose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

Ir would be quite easy to pay the na

tional debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There isn't a woman living in the country who would not demand to be "BRIDGET, I cannot allow you to re-ceive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am. longer." "It's very kind of you, and but he is almost too bashful to come into

Whenever you see a woman talking at a man and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her upraised index finger, it is about time for some body to climb a tree.

THERE was a young woman named Minnis, Whose lover was such a sad ninny,
He crept up like this,
To give her a kiss,
And embraced her old laundress, Virginny. Miss Soprano (who has just finished playing): "Did I drop any notes, susan?" Her cousin (from the rural

districts)—"No, not as I knows on, but I'll look under the pianny an' see." WHEN a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says: "Oh, how deliciously sweet; its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A down-East girl simply says: "It smells scrumptious; thanks, Reuben." A New Hampshire man got up to light a lamp and feil down dead. Our readers will bear witness that we have

at night is a man's wife's business. Be-hold the terrible justification of om With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang, "Call mayour darling again." But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach-of-promise suit

always pointed out that this getting up

in these days. THE SAME OLD GAME, THE HAME OLD GAME.
They came into a dangerous place,
Where one might come to harm;
He tearen she'd fail, and so he said,
"Won't you accept my arm ?"
"Oh, no," she quite demarely said;
"Unless, sit, you command;
But then I think it better far
That you accept my hand."
Their glances met, the heart of each
Was in the mouth. "Oh, bliss!"
Those hearts were quickly joined in one,
And wooded with a kiss.

A SLANDER refuted : George Selwyr once affirmed in company that no woma ever wrote a letter without a postscript My next letter shall refute you," sai Lady G.—. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her Ladyship, where, after her signature, stood: "P. S.—Who was right; you or I?"

"WHY, I'm so glad you've come. Did

you know that I've been worry

you, John, all evening?" "That's just what I married you for. It is pleasant to think that there is some one home worrying about you." Somehow this view of the matter didn't exactly coincidwith her ideas of marital amenities. Ir she's got to talk slang, a Boston girl will refine and beautify it. The proper caper becomes the appropriate gyration; bang-up is front hair elevated tumbling to the racket is falling to the audible disturbance; and a square deal a quadrilateral distribution. Oh, refine-ment is a great thing. You can just

wager your saccharine existence tha THERE is a newspaper epidemic stories reflecting upon the mothers of marriageable young ladies. Here is the latest: "How came these holes in you. elbows?" said a widowed mother to only son. "Oh, mother I hid behind the sofa when Col, Gobler was saying to Maria that he'd take her even if you has to be thrown in; and he didn't know l was there, and so I held my tongue and

laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em.' Two Connecticut brides, both of the cars to New York, and took advantage of their occupation of the same seat : exchange confidences. "Mary," sai one, "how do you like married life?" "So far as I've gone," answered her companion, quite enthusiastically, "I think it scrumptions. How do you feel about it, Anna?" Anna rolled her eyes like a school-girl . ith a mouthful of caramels, and, clasping her hands on Mary's knees, exclaimed: "Yon won't think me foolish if I tell you? Well, then, if I had known what fun it was, I would have got married years ago."

Fragrance of Flowers. Leigh Hunt has the following genial passage touching the perfume of flow-ers: "Oh, world of mystery that everywhere hangs about us and within us Who can, even in imagination, penetrate to the depths of the commonest of the phenomena of our daily life? Take, for instance, one of these pots of narcisse. We have ourselves had a plant of the variety known as soliel d'or, in flower, in a sitting-room for six weeks, during the depth of winter, giving forth the whole of that time without (so far as we know) cessing, even during sleep (for we need hardly tell our readers that plants do sleep), the same full stream of fragrance. Love itself does not seem to preserve more absolutely its wealth, while most liberally dispensing it! That fragrance has a material though we cannot detect it by our finest What millions of millions of millions of atoms must go to the formation of even a single gust, as it were, of this divine flower-breath! Yet this goes on through seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, and ceases only with the health of the poor flower petals. Where, then, in these petals, these thin, unsub-stantial cream-flakes, may we look to find stored up all these inexhaustible supplies? Where, indeed? and if they are not stored up, but newly created as given forth, is not that even more won-derful? Would that any one could show us the nature and modes of opera-tion of such miraculous chemistry."

A NEW celluloid is said to be obtained from well-peeled potatoes, which are treated for thirty-six hours with a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid in 100 parts of water. The mass is dried between blotting paper and then pressed. It is further stated that in France smoking pipes are manufactured out of this new material which are quite equal in appearance to the meerschaum. By heavy pressure the material acquires such a hardness that billiard balls can be manufactured from it.

THE rose gardens of Adrianople cover

NUMBER 13.

Big Trees. We hitched a couple of farm horses to a spring-wagon, filled it with provisions, tents and blaukets, and struck out for the mountains, traveling from fifteen to twenty miles per day. The first place we reached of importance was the Big we reached of importance was the Big Trees of Calaveras county. I must ad-mit that they staggered my imagination, and exceeded anything in the vegetable rowth I had ever seen. In the of one of these trees a ball-room thirty-three feet across is built, and it requires three feet across is built, and it requires a ladder of eighteen steps to ascend to the top of the log, on which was built a ten-pin alley. It has been burnt up, but the body of the old charred monarch of the forest still remains. Think of it! a hollow log through which one an ride on horseback 100 feet and come but through a knothole! There are out through a knot-hole! There are some ninety of these trees, measuring from fifty to 100 feet in circumference, and reaching up to the skies—from 300 to 450 feet. They are the remains of a past flora that one was more from but tree. ime was more common, but are low confined to some dozen groves cattered from here to King's river-grand old trees, that have withstood the torms of thousands of winters, and were sapling when Moses was a little boy, ound in the bulrushes of the Nile. What a history could they tell! What a monument of growth! Enough to chame the vanity of proud Cheops, the builder of the Pyramids. They have grown and lifted their heads higher and aigher, while the proud Kings, and emgrown and lifted their heads higher and aigher, while the proud Kings and empires of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome ave passed away. They lived and dourished when Christ preached rependance to the Jews, and were full-grown rees when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors an wild in the woods and painted their aces like the Indians. From the rings hat denote the annual growth of these rees science has estinated some of them rees science has estinated some of them o be four 4,000 years old, while they tand over the fallen bodies of a much-

lecay. It appears to be a species of edwood,—Correspondent San Fran-isco Examiner. The Doxology.

ider growth, covered over with earth

and large growing trees, as it is one of he poculiarities of this timber not to

One of the most important changes ande by the revised New Testament is he omission of what is called the doxolhe omission of what is called the doxology from the Lord's prayer in Matthew's hospel—"for Thine is the kingdom nd the power and the glory, sever. Amen." These words are a juterpolation found on the nargin of the text in some of the early nanuscripts, and not found at all in the idest ones. Its origin can be traced ack to remote Arvan sources and it. ack to remote Aryan sources, and it an be found almost literally in one of he hymns of Zend Avesta, to which ome of the students of Iranic literature rive an antiquity as great as 2,000 years sefore Christ, and which is indisputably der than the time of Cyrus and the uneiform inscriptions (about 559 B.C.), n this hymn, addressed to Ahura-May-'a, the Creator and Good Principle, oc-ors the following passage: "To Him-elongs the kingdom, the might and he power." Evidently this doxoloy or ascription is one of the earliest exresions of worship adopted by the aryan mind. Its omission from the ord's Prayer will not be generally welomed, for it unquestionably forms an upressive and beautiful climax; but as nere is now no reason for supposing it world must give it up. Biblical schol-rs are all agreed that no claim for in-

piration can be made for it. - New York

When I was a boy of about 9, writes a orrespondent, a servant of my father's put a pipe into my mouth, assuring me hat to smoke would make a man of me. I puffed away most vigorously, and per-evered till I became sick and fell on he floor. I have never smoked since. In much the same way I was cured of hero worship. When I was a college youth I ventured one day to call on a man of some eminence, to whom I had been introduced. He received me miles and compliments, and as I left his presence, I was ready to procisin him the most gentlemanly man I had ver met with; but, after I went out, I ingered at the door a moment to deter-mine whether I should call on another great man who lived near, and I over-heard the polite gentleman I had left call his servant to administer to him the most terrible scolding I had ever listened most terrible scooling Instaever instead to in my life for letting in that stupid, impudent stripling. This cured me of hero worship and of interviewing great men. Since that date I have at times gene to a distinguished man's house with letters of introduction and turned at the

An American Virtue. Mr. Bright, on the authority of the Paris papers, is reported to have said that alone among mankind the Ameri-ans are in the habit of signing their names legibly. Surely the stoutest fory 'Squire will no longer wonder at ir. Bright's love for the Yankees. To gn ene's name legibly is certainly, iter the various theological, moral and comestic virtues, an incomparable merit. When a man who through life has igned his name legibly dies, the fact aight to be recorded on his tombatone. We should write: "He was a good hiristian (father, hisband, brother or ion, as the case may be), and he signed his name legibly." Of how many could this be said truthfully?—London Truth.

door for feer of what might come,

The Revue Scientifique shars by some accerately-culled statistics that the Jows as a race bear the greatest immu-

uity from epidemic dizenses, and attrib-ates the fact solely to their well-regu-lated manner of living, their choice of professions, which are neither fatiguing nor liable to expose them to the inclemney of the seasons, their moderate cus-toms in drinking and eating, the austerity and severity of their personal habits, their close family relations, and the cus tom of early marriage. Two Egotists.

Judge R. and Journalist H. are troubled with the disease of egotism, and for the first time, in speaking of each other, brought to my knowledge the fact that the patient is not aware of his own infirmity. "I like the Judge," said the journal-

get away from himself. His cont-tail is glued to his base." "I wish," said the jurist, "that H. were less of an egotist. It is dreading

ist, "for he is a man of fine attain-ments; but I must cut him. He cannot

were less of an egoist. It is dreadant to hear him from morning till night, and all night, talk of himself. It is astonishing he does not see what a bore he makes himself."—Washington Capital.